Our Story

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Our Story

by FandomsAndShipsGallore

Summary

Will and Hannibal escaped the ocean with a little help

Notes

In this story Hannibal and Will had a thing in season one

After Chiyoh dragged them from the ocean and into the van, they clutched onto each other, panting and smiling. The adrenaline pumping through their veins numbed them to the bumps and bruises they collected in the ocean. Will grinned into Hannibal's neck. Hannibal took that as a sign that he could loosen his death grip on Will's waist to more of a comfortable embrace. Will reached back with his good arm and laced their fingers. Will laughed, "We did it. We slayed the dragon."

"That we did," Hannibal laughed too. Chiyoh looked back at the pair, they must have lost more blood than I thought. The two men shared a soft, not quite hesitant, kiss. When they separated Hannibal groaned half missing Will's lips, half in pain. Chiyoh called over her shoulder, "You going to have to feel around, see if the bullet nicked anything important!"

"I can't do that! I don't even know what I'm looking for!" Will's eyes went wide. Hannibal patted Will's face, "I'll tell you if you screw up."

"Fine," Will sighed, "Bastard."

"Good," Chiyoh threw a box of surgical gloves at Will. The curly hair man pulled on a glove Hannibal guided Will's hand to the wound in the dark van, "Can you feel it?"

"Yes," Will pushed up Hannibal's sweater. He prodded around the wound carefully and Hannibal gritted his teeth. Will pushed Hannibal onto his good side and pulled glass fragments out of the entry wound. Then he poured peroxide on the edges of the wound. Will kissed his cheek and pulled the shredded remains of Hannibal's sweater off. Hannibal smiled, "I think we should go on a date first William."

Even Chiyoh chuckled at that one. Will looked at the older man in surprise, "Wait, you mean to tell me all those elaborate dinners weren't dates!?"

All three of them laughed so hard their sides hurt. Chiyoh pulled into a truck stop, "As nice as talking is, you two should get some rest. I'll grab the essentials and We'll head to the California safe house."

Will built them a small bed -more so a nest than a bed- and they cuddled into together. Hannibal ran his fingers through Will's curls entranced in the way they bounced. They both slept more than they were awake the whole way to the safe house.

Chiyoh drove practically non-stop to the safe house- with the exception of food and bathroom breaks of course. Upon arrival at the safe house, they all piled in; Chiyoh going straight for her room asleep before her head even hit the pillow, but Hannibal and Will went on a mini tour of the house. Hannibal happy to find the kitchen fully stocked and Will happy to see a real bed. Hannibal grabbed a pair of boxers and pants for Will and went off to find the sootier kit. Will watched the blood and mud run of his body with a hazy fascination. Hannibal knocked on the open door, "May I join you?"

"You may," Will laughed. Hannibal shimmied off his pants and climbed in behind Will. The younger man turned them so Hannibal was under the spray of water and tipped his head back

to wet his hair. Hannibal closed his eyes allowing himself to slump over a little. Will massaged the soap into his hair and smiled when Hannibal moaned. They took their time fingers relearning every dip of the other's body. When they were done Will allowed Hannibal to stitch the cut in his cheek with neat little x's. Will had his fingers smacked when he tried to touch them. Will held out his hand for the needle and thread. Hannibal handed him a clean needle and the spool of thread. Will worked carefully on the entry wound before motioning for Hannibal to lay back so he could do the exit wound. Once every wound was clean and accounted for Hannibal lead Will to bed neither minded that they left their clothes in the bathroom.

"Hannibal?" Will yawned.

"Yes Will," Hannibal smoothed back an unruly curl.

"Why did you stand in front of the window?" Will looked up at him with one eyebrow raised.

"Love hath no man than to lay down his life for a friend," Hannibal quoted.

"I love you too," Will kissed his cheek. Hannibal smiled, maybe the teacup could come back together.

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